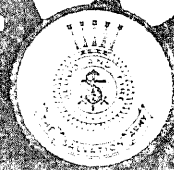


# The WAR CRY

EASTER NUMBER



MAR 23 / 1940



*Lo a new creation dawning!  
Lo, I rise to life Divine!  
In my soul an Easter morning;  
I am Christ's and He is mine.*

No. 2891

Toronto, March 23, 1940

Price Ten Cents





TRANQUILLITY—A PEAK IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

# IN THE SUNSET GLOW

**I**T was an evening in May, and the bright red of the setting sun shone full upon the windows, reflecting its crimson glory into the back bedroom of our quarters.

Was ever such glory revealed in anything so much as in a prairie sunset? From the glow of the evening sky I turned my eyes to the dear old man lying so restfully, and on whom shone the glory of another world. For over eighty years he had served God and his fellows with a faithfulness that made him radiant and now he was nearing the sunset. As I looked at the golden west he looked beyond. "Shall I stay or leave you to rest, Dad, or would you like some one else up to keep you company?"

"Darling," he whispered, "who would I rather have than you? You are my own little girl."

Suddenly I became just that. Dad's own little girl again, and as I looked at the dear face the thought of all his tender care over his motherless little girl surged through me. I looked at his true blue eyes and at his face, and felt again the pride that filled me when first I heard the story of the scar he bore in perpetual memory of his heroism. How well I remembered climbing on his knee, and playing with his hair, and coming suddenly upon this little bit of ugliness. How came it there? "Long ago, before you were born, Daddy stopped a runaway horse to save a lady's life." Others told me of how he had bravely checked the horse, but in saving another life, had almost lost his own, and lay unconscious many hours after being thrown against a railway track and suffering fearful injuries. The scar henceforth was beautiful and on this glorious night with the light of two sunsets upon him I looked and mused again. I asked him if the lady repaid him

in any way for his kindness and heroism. In my childish imagination I had always visualized a "grand racing horse" rushing through the streets of Winnipeg, with a fine cutter and a beautiful lady being hurried to disaster.

"No," he replied, "she had nothing, poor soul. She was just a poor half-breed Indian woman. She did call and inquire a few times, but

hand, will it?" I volunteered, partly to reassure myself. "Inasmuch," whispered the small Voice, and a sense of sweet peace filled my soul. I thanked God for the opportunity.

Next morning all was quiet upstairs, and I made a nice breakfast, and took up a tray for the two, mother, and sonny boy—I was playing the glad game of service.

Tears came in the little mother's

**A Trio of Western Episodes Which Demonstrate the Truth of the Maxim: "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."**

she had nothing to give, and I would not want it!"

Just a poor half-breed Indian woman. She had nothing to give!

Nothing to give! Just a poor half-breed Indian! The description took my mind back and partly to provide conversation and partly to refresh my own mind with the details I told him how I, too, had been privileged to serve such a one.

It was back in Drumheller Corps. The clock had struck mid-night, and we were settling down for the night when the telephone bell rang.

"The Mounted Police Barracks calling. Sergeant — speaking. Is that The Salvation Army?"

"Yes!"

"Well, listen, Captain! Can you help me out? There is a poor woman here, stranded with two children. She is penniless, and we left them to lie on the benches in the court-room, but I couldn't sleep for thinking about them. Can you get a bed, or take them in for the night?"

My heart softened immediately. A poor little mother with two children. Of course we would. We were crowded—six of us living in a five-roomed Quarters. I decided quickly to open up the couch and do something.

"Yes, we will, gladly. Will you see that she is brought over?"

"We'll be right over," replied the Mountie, "I knew The Army would do something. Thanks a lot!"

I hurried up to our room, changed the bedding, and made things comfortable for them. Soon a knock, and in a few minutes the Mountie was gone. I was bewildered.

There she stood. A poor neglected half-breed woman, with a dirty-faced, shabbily dressed boy of ten or twelve, and a grimy bundle in her arms. The baby—how different my vision had been, especially of the baby. In a few minutes, their presence was noticeable by the heavy odor in the kitchen, and I decided to get them off to bed as quickly as possible.

For a moment I half regretted having invited these guests, but the thought did not remain. As I opened my snowy white bed, and saw the look of gratitude as I bade good-night and pleasant dreams to my guests, I seemed to hear the Saviour's "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my little ones ye have done it unto Me!" My husband smiled as we made up the couch for ourselves, and he wondered what we would find in the morning after they left, adding in more cheerful tones, "Wasn't it kind and brotherly of that Mountie to get out of bed and try to do something for the poor thing?"

"Surely if he was worried about her sleeping on a court bench, it won't hurt us to lend a helping

eyes as I entered the room. She was surprised at such kindness, and exclaimed that I ought not to have done it. She had a few dry buns which they had been eating and they would have been all right, she said. By ten o'clock, the Mountie had called for them, the train had gone, and the guests of the night were off to their own reserve again.

She was a poor stranded Indian woman. He was a little Indian boy. It was a little Indian baby.

"She was only a poor half-breed Indian woman," Dad said, "and she had nothing to give," and my story almost matched his.

Some time later I had good reason to remember the two tales.

It was sunset again. We were spending a short holiday at Wabamun Beach, forty miles west of Edmonton on the Jasper Highway. Supper was over, and I heard some one call from the road, "How about a little fishing to-night? Come on out for an hour or so, and teach me how to catch fish!"

Fishing! But the dishes were not washed. Some one volunteered for the task and, after giving a warning to take good care of the children and exacting a promise that they would do so, I set out for an hour or so of sunset fishing. What could be better? We rowed over the waters which shone like burnished gold to the old fishing spot under the trestle bridge which stood out in sombre silhouette against the fury of the flaming west. There we anchored and began to cast our lines.

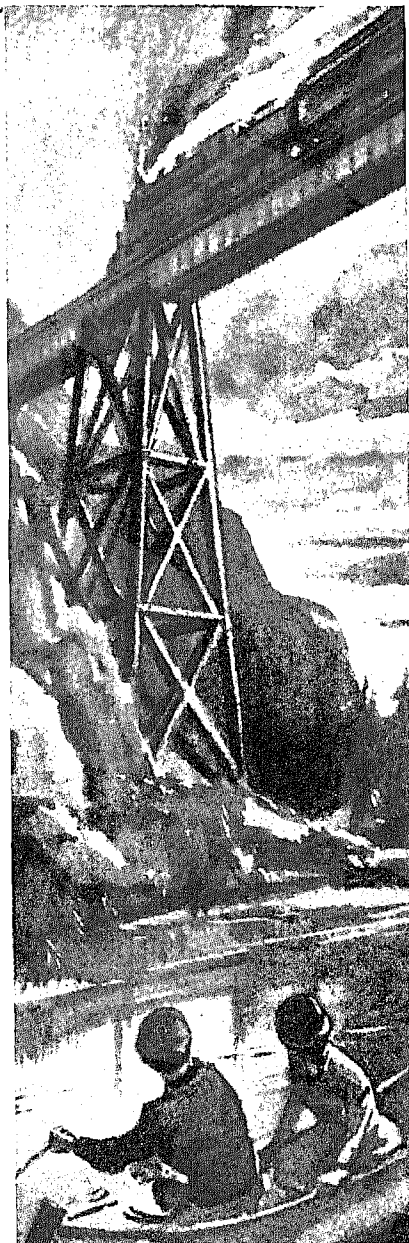
Two Indian boys called to us from the bridge. They laughed at our casting and joked with us. They moved on and we forgot them. The

night was silent now save for the distant whistle of the 8.15 freight train.

Gradually its roar increased and soon the fire-box of the engine was adding its quota to the glow above the bridge. We waved to the driver and fireman as they went swinging by and we laughed and nodded to a few of the "transients" who chose the top of the freight cars as a cheap and speedy mode of "tramping." How happy they all appeared, in spite of empty pockets and shabby clothes, as they waved back and shouted greetings. The rumble of the train died away beyond the water and we looked to our lines.

In a few moments we overheard one of the Indian boys calling. "Yes, I'm going home! I'm all in! I never thought I'd make it! I was never so nearly gone in all my life. Poor kids—the little one was paralyzed with fright. I wondered who were the parents who allowed two little tots to walk the trestle bridge that time of night?"

As a woman and mother I in-



From the canoe they watched the train roar over the bridge

quired. The brave boy told me how he saw two of the cottagers' children walking the trestle, and hearing the whistle of the freight, he knew it would soon take the bend. They would have no chance, so he rushed to the rescue. Just in time he grabbed one of the children in each arm and dragged them to a waterbarrel platform before the train rushed by. The dog he had thrown into the lake. It could swim!

"Foolish parents," he scolded, as he gathered up his line and bait.

I shuddered at the thought of the two little children in such danger.

At length, tired and happy, we

*By Mrs. Major Rea*

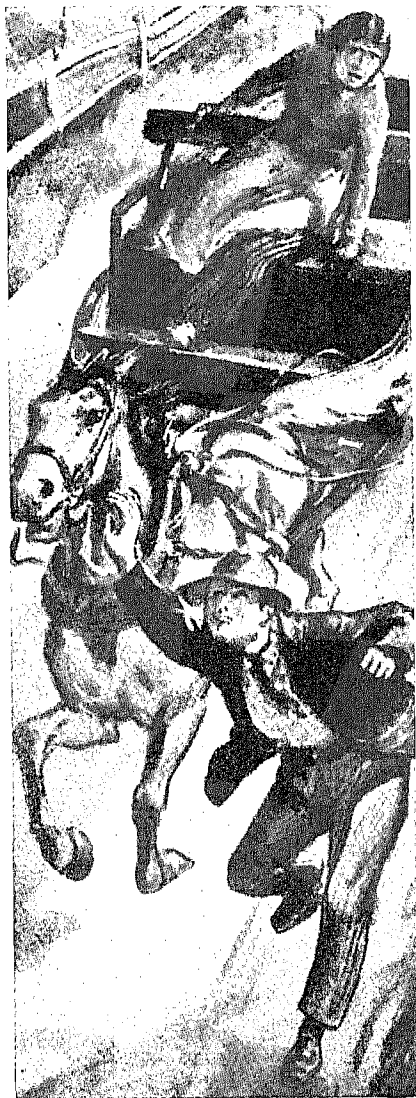
tied up the boat and made for home.

A strange sight met our eyes—a sick child, a frightened boy and a friend in tears — as they told the story of an unexpected guest at our camp lodging, the children's decision to start on ahead, their impatience with the long wait at the path to the trestle bridge, and their starting over it when they were tired of waiting, was a story we could understand. The train whistle, the terror of the roaring monster and the shaking bridge, the sudden apparition of an Indian boy, and safety at last was more than they could tell.

It was our own children the brave Indian boy had rescued from death.

"She was only a poor half-breed Indian woman," Dad had said.

It was only a poor half-breed I had helped with her shelterless children that night, but what a boomerang is kindness. The Indian with nothing to give paid more than all.

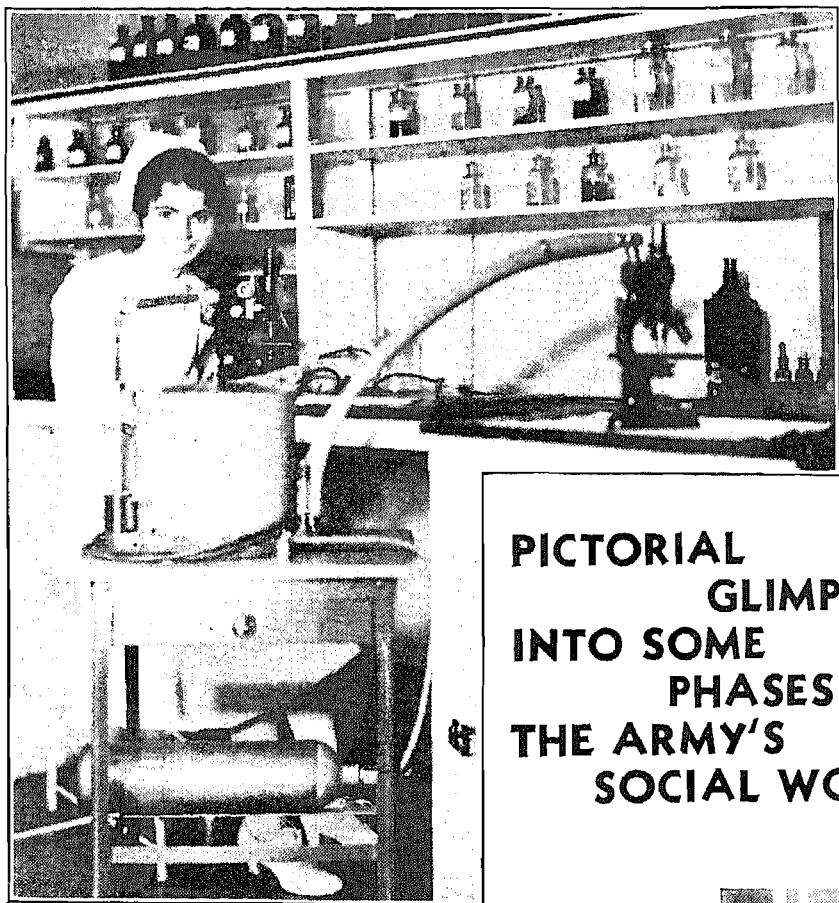


She was only a poor Indian woman, but he leaped to the rescue



For

# Humanity's Sake

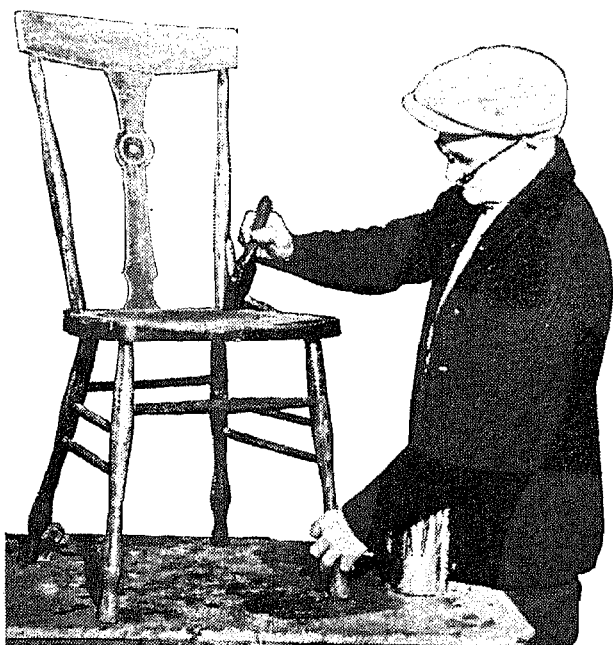


## PICTORIAL GLIMPSES INTO SOME PHASES OF THE ARMY'S SOCIAL WORK

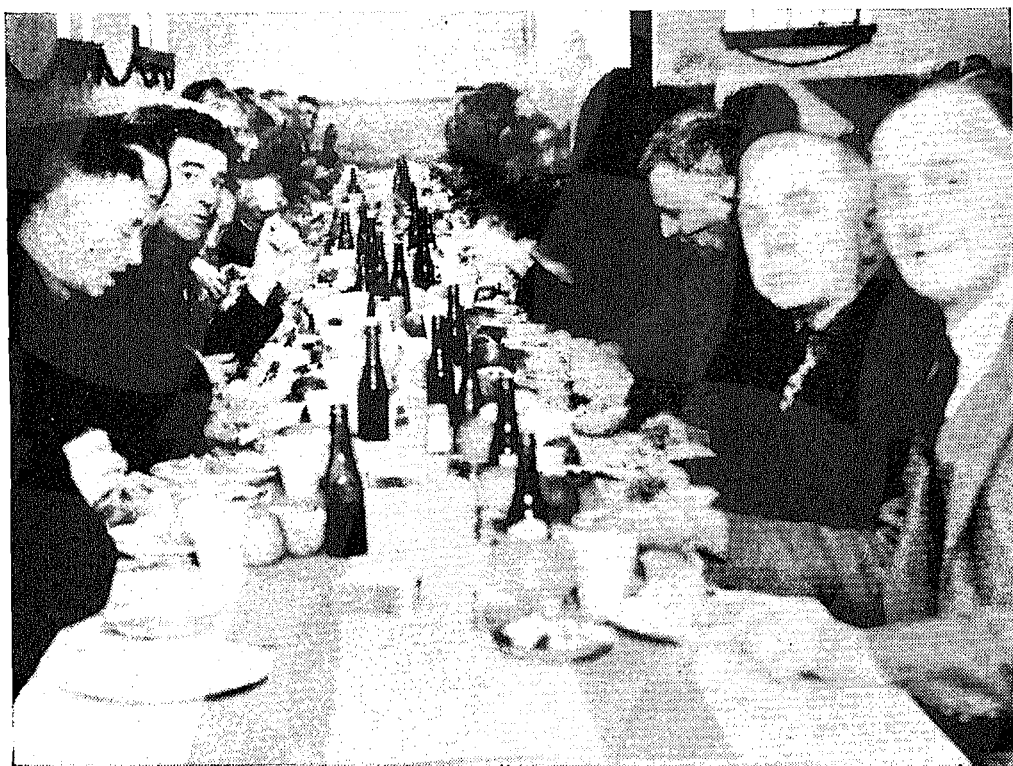


THEY'LL BE CITIZENS SOME DAY.—More than 6,000 babies are born in Army Hospitals annually. Enough to populate a sizable town

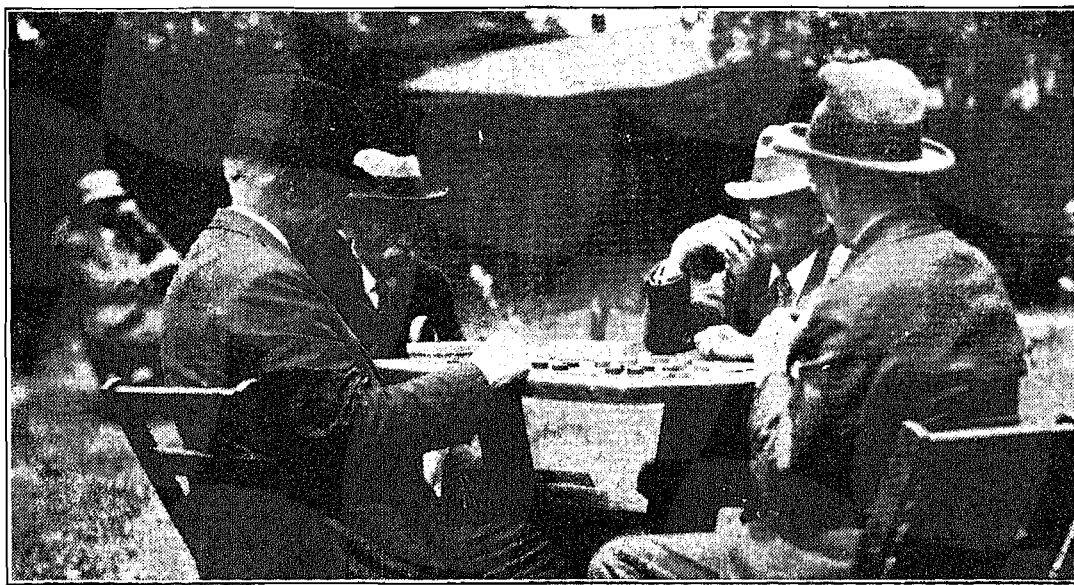
RIGHT UP TO DATE!—Equipment in The Army's Hospitals which are to be found in every large city, is kept well abreast of the times



HELPING HIMSELF WHILE HELPING OTHERS.—This man in an Army Metropole is given useful employment converting waste into worth



BEST SQUARE MEAL IN A YEAR.—Hungry men, many of whom are also homeless, enjoy a substantial dinner. Tens of thousands of free meals are served each year

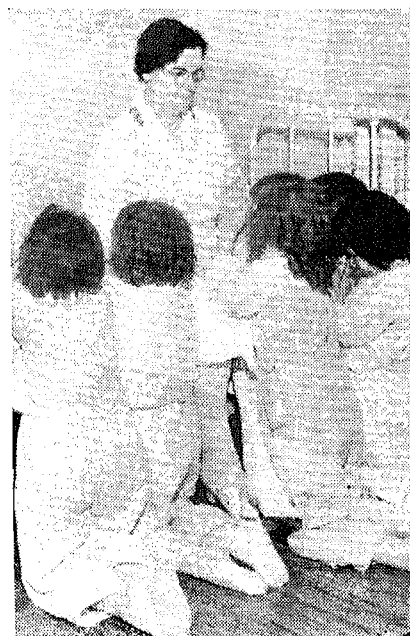


**Inasmuch**

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a Stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."  
Matthew 25: 36.

### COMFORT AND REST FOR LIFE'S SUNSET YEARS

Aged men at an Eventide Home enjoying a quiet game of checkers in the garden



MOTHER TO THE MOTHERLESS.—The Matron of a Children's Home teaches members of her family their "Now I lay me down to sleep"



THE PATHWAY TO GOLGOTHA [Painting by Gustave Dore]

"He saved others; Himself He cannot save."  
—Mark 15:31.

**H**ERE is one of the most profound truths recorded between the two covers of the Bible; and yet, strangely enough, it was spoken in irony.

Having assured themselves that so far their plans for the crucifixion of Jesus were proceeding well, the Chief Priests and the Scribes, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Cross, compared notes and among themselves said—in modern phraseology—"We told you so!" Or as the Scripture records, Jesus had saved others, He could not save Himself.

These Pharisees and Scribes were not Helots—hewers of wood and drawers of water—they were highly-learned men, and therefore must have known that during His ministry Jesus had worked wonderful miracles.

Surely they knew that on one occasion He gave sight to the blind, and on another strengthened the poor trembling body of the palsied man at Bethesda's pool—not by helping him into the healing, troubled waters, but by simply telling him to rise and walk and giving power to do so.

They knew, too, that on a certain day when Mary and Martha sat weeping in their little home in Bethany, Jesus wept with them and afterwards commanded their brother, Lazarus, to come forth from death in the grave.

Yes, they must have remembered such incidents, and therefore could not with any great confidence have really imagined that Jesus, the Worker of miracles, the One who had done such humanly impossible things, would not have stepped down from the Cross and confounded them all.

Then, too, they knew well that He was not an ambitious aspirant to power or fame; no enemy to Judea or Rome, to the Sanhed-

rin or the Temple. But undoubtedly His deep faith and glowing piety, His appeals not to tradition but to the common sense of mankind, His use of common incidents and common words, and the reproofs so well deserved, rendered Him obnoxious alike to Pharisees and Sadducees. Perhaps in His own glorious life of self-denial they saw their own condemnation, and one may be pardoned for thinking that what they said could not happen, was the very thing they were afraid might really come to pass.

**"HE** saved others; Himself He cannot save." What a striking illustration is here of that sublime truth: if the Shepherd had not given His life, the sheep surely would have died. Jesus could not possibly have saved Himself, and also a sin-smitten world.

It will be remembered that on one occasion, when speaking with His disciples, Jesus foreshadowed this incident and said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Paul, too, in his letter to the members of the Church at Corinth wrote: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

Clearly then, if the people were to be saved it must needs be that One die for them.

**S**PEAKING of Himself Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth." Obviously included in this sweeping authority was the power to come down from the Cross; but neither the reviling of the men crucified with Him, nor the wagging of the heads of His tormentors, nor the taunts of His enemies could dissuade Him from doing His Father's will.

At the beginning of His earthly ministry the Devil tempted Him by suggesting He should hurl Himself from the top of Quarantana—the Mount of Temptation—but the Master would work no miracle to satisfy the enemy. And now, almost at the close of His earthly ministry, others who had acted so devilishly expressed doubt as to His power to do the humanly impossible thing.

No, Jesus determined calmly to give His life for the world. On the eve of that dark hour in Gethsemane, followed by the scenes in the Judgment Hall and later the crucifixion, remember, Jesus did not say to His wondering disciples, "The hour has come when the Son of Man must be crucified"—

## PARADOX of the AGES

Mystery of Mysteries, Yet Sublimest of Truths:  
Christ Who Came to Save Others Could  
Not Save Himself

BY  
COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

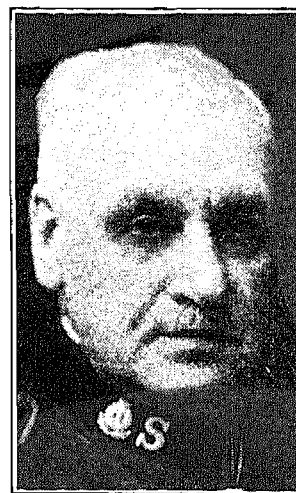
but rather did He utter a note of triumph; for He said: "The hour has come when the Son of Man must be glorified."

One who could not be conquered by frowns, curses and the terrors of death, was clothed with surpassing grandeur and with the truest sublimity. Jesus was prepared to offer Himself up, a life in its freshness, vigor and promise; a precious and noble sacrifice.

**A**ND so, with the dignity of perfect meekness, and in the most wonderful spirit of love the world has ever beheld, He laid down His life for sinners.

Beautifully indeed has one written about this blessed Shepherd who died that lost sheep might live:

"Never passed before the imagination of man, and never but once alighted on this earth so heavenly a vision. Once in all human history, we meet a Being who never did

Commissioner  
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an injury and never resented one done to Him; who never uttered an untruth, never practised a deception and never lost an opportunity of doing good; generous in the midst of the selfish; upright amongst the dishonest; pure in the midst of the sensual; wise far above earth's greatest sages and prophets; loving and gentle, yet immovably resolute; and whose illimitable meekness and patience never once forsook Him in an ungrateful world." Truly He saved others; Himself He could not save."

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska,  
Newfoundland and Bermuda

William Booth - - - - - Founder  
George L. Carpenter - - - - - General

International Headquarters  
(Temporary address: William Booth Memorial Training  
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1940



# Songs Composed in Canada

*Well-known melodies that have brought blessing and cheer to countless hearts*

**C**OMPARED with the older and more populated countries, Canada naturally, has not figured prominently in the matter of composers of widely-used sacred songs and hymns. Nevertheless, some well-known songs have emanated from the Land of the Maple, and many of these have been acceptably received by the song-lovers of the nations around the globe.

Many students of Canadian religious history are strongly of the opinion that the awakening which attended the event of The Salvation Army in this country was the most powerful and far-reaching of any revival before or since, when the spiritual conflagration travelled with the speed of a prairie fire and entire populations of town and smaller communities were swept into the Kingdom of God during remarkable revival campaigns led by hot-hearted, crimson-guennseyed bearers of the Blood-and-Fire Flag. It is not unlikely that many songs were born during this period of intense enthusiasm, many of which are in use to-day. Unfortunately, history was made faster than it could adequately be recorded and the identity of many early Army composers has slipped into obscurity; but their stirring songs were vigorously sung by appreciative congregations for many years.

It is noteworthy that Colonel Jack Addie (promoted to Glory last year) who with Captain Joe Ludgate, officially opened The Army's work in London, Ontario, in 1884, was himself a past-master of the art of composing topical songs and his efforts were heartily sung by the crowds. Captain Ludgate wrote "Friendship with Jesus."

To list all the early composers of Army songs would be a task of magnitude, so many were they; and to be sure, all of their efforts would not measure up to compositions of later days when poets, on the whole, became better educated and also received the benefits of an efficient musical training. But it must be acknowledged that many of the early songs—if somewhat crude and even highly amusing—were quite adapted to the times, and sung in the electrically-charged atmosphere of revival brought Salvation and untold blessing to great congregations.

Among the earliest composers was Captain Luther Werry, at one time assistant editor of The War Cry. After ceasing his Officership he was attached for many years to one of the Montreal weekly papers, and recently passed to his reward. Lieut.-Colonel B. Cox, when in Canada, also composed some excellent songs in the early nineties. Earlier still, Professor Wiggins wrote some stirring songs. Adjutant

Arkett, of British Columbia Outrider fame, father of the present Major Arkett, of New England, U.S.A., and Miss Riley, of Victoria, B.C., and a host of others are still remembered by old-timers.

Few Canadian composers found their way into The Army's International Song Book, but some were included in early editions and omitted in later ones. Those thus honored include Professor W. A. Hawley's "A light came out of darkness" (No. 229). Envoy Hawley was a native of Prince Edward Island and was promoted to Glory some years ago from Calgary. He wrote numerous songs including "From the General down to me," and in collaboration with Lieut.-Colonel J. Merritt, produced "He was wounded for our transgression."

#### Composed in an Ontario Town

A popular song, used much during the early days in Canada and which found an honored place in the Song Book is "Life's Morn" (No. 731). This was composed by a

in this country, and was penned by Mrs. MacKenzie, wife of Colonel G. A. MacKenzie, one-time Chief Secretary to Mr. Herbert Booth in Canada.

We are given to understand that No. 731 in the Song Book, "I have pleasure in His service," was written by a Canadian Salvationist and that the perennial favorite, "My Jesus I love Thee," was the composition of a young man named Featherstone, who lived in Montreal.

Any amount of songs have been written by Canadian composers or by those who have adopted Canada as their homeland and sung locally. Staff-Captain Griffith, father of the late Lieut.-Commissioner R. Griffith, known as the "Welsh Minstrel," was a prolific writer of Army songs, and Brigadier Wm. Baugh, who served as a Provincial Officer in Canada, among other songs wrote the stirring prayer-appeal "Breathe upon me, even me." The Brigadier, hale and hearty at 88, lives in retirement at Penge, England. Lieut.-Colonel John Habkirk's "I'm glad I'm a Salvation

Song Book, stand in a class of their own.

In later years—aided by the phenomenal development of The Army's musical combinations the world over—a number of songs composed on Canadian soil have sung their way round the globe. In the van of these writers Major Sidney Cox, who entered Training from Calgary and is now Training Principal at Atlanta, Georgia, was inspired to write many of his finest songs when in Winnipeg, including "I love Him better every day," and others. In collaboration with Colonel E. H. Joy, the late Commissioner R. Hoggard, in the same city, wrote "O Man of Galilee," and other notable songs. Colonel Joy, who recently retired from the editorship of the South African War Cry, also wrote the consecration song, "All my days and all my hours." Major T. Mundy composed "My Pilot's Face," and other songs.

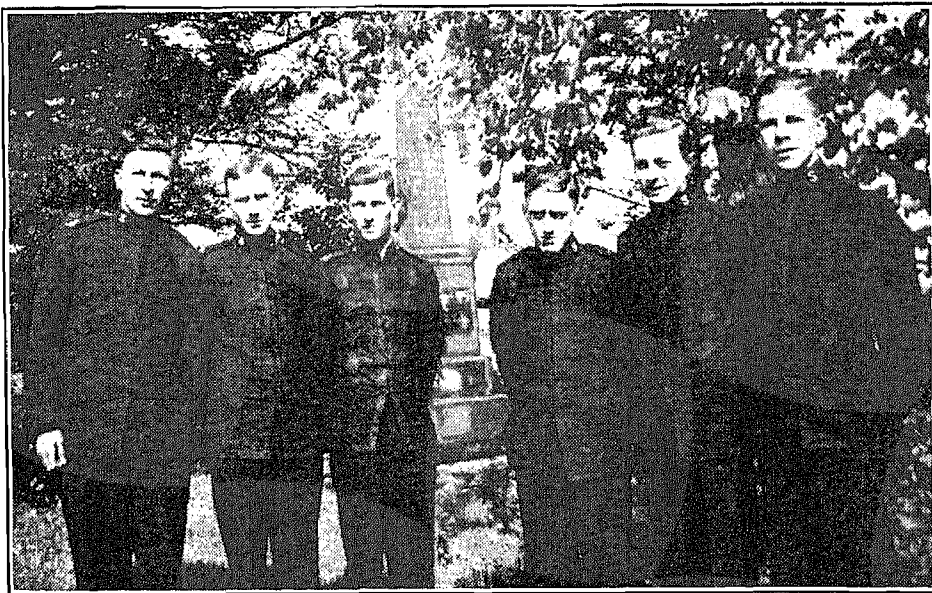
#### Prayer Meeting Choruses

Of the making of choruses, with original or adapted tunes, there is no end and, as in other countries, local and national melodies have been well utilized. Many effective prayer meeting choruses have been born in Canada, a good example being "Make me a lover of the souls of men," by Major C. Chapman, Winnipeg Grace Hospital.

Of songs in The Army's Song Book by non-Army writers, mention must certainly be made of the immortal "What a Friend we have in Jesus," written by Joseph Scriven, whose remains lie near Port Hope, Ontario. The late Commissioner W. Richards in conjunction with Commissioner John McMillan, the late Chief of the Staff, at the time Chief Secretary in Canada, called attention to the neglected grave and helped to inaugurate an appeal for funds to meet an appropriate memorial at the hitherto unmarked spot. The ceremony attracted wide attention and Peterboro Band was present to play the world-famous hymn-tune.

There are of course a number of widely-sung hymns and refrains known to many Army audiences, which had their origin in Canada, one notable example being the familiar, "Work for the night is coming," written at Sarnia, Ont., by an English woman, Miss Anna L. Walker, who opened a private school there in 1857. And, doubtless, visitors from other lands likewise wrote loved hymns on these shores.

Editorial Note:—It is not to be thought that the foregoing article exhausts this subject of so much interest to Canadian lovers of song. Further particulars and stories concerning well-known songs by Canadian composers will be gladly welcomed for future use.

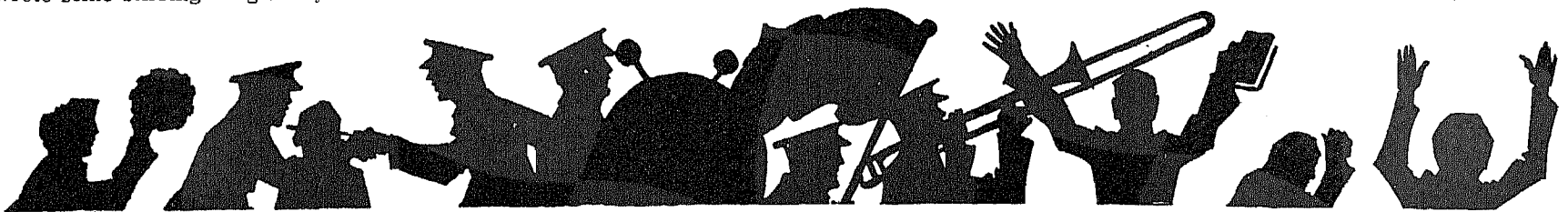


A group of Belleville Bandsmen at the grave of the composer of "What a Friend we have in Jesus," near Port Hope, Ont. The party played and sang the world-famous hymn, and prayer was offered. The memorial stone is shown in the background.

woman-Soldier of Lindsay Corps, Sister Sarah Graham, who was also responsible for another inspired example of song-writing: "On the Cross of Calvary" (No. 1 in the old Song Book and No. 11 in the new). In the Songs of Heaven section is to be found yet another song by a Lindsay comrade, "I have a Home that is fairer than day" (No. 734), the work of Mrs. Nesbitt (formerly Captain Ada Garnett), which trio of songs is enough to make this Ontario town forever famous in the history of Canadian anthology. The beautiful song, "Love Divine, from Jseus flowing," also had its origin

Soldier," also written in the early days, is a universal favorite. Gus Grozinski, who was associated with The Army's beginnings in Germany, who not long ago passed to his reward from Edmonton, Alberta, composed among other songs, "I'll be true." Andy Cosgrove, of Winnipeg, wrote another favorite, "This is why I love Him."

Famous songs were no doubt composed by General Evangeline Booth when in command of the Canadian Territory, and also by other members of the Booth family, including Herbert and Ballington; but these compositions, many adorning the



# THE WORLD'S MOST SACRED SPOT

*A Traveller in the Holy Land  
Writes Concerning the Probable  
Site of Calvary*

*By Harold J. Shepstone*

**T**HE Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, is without question the most historic of churches. It covers what is accepted by many to be the site of Calvary. That fact alone singles it out for more than ordinary notice. It is more than 1,600 years old.

The question the ordinary visitor from the west asks: Does it really mark the site of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord? All that we know is this: the site was decided by Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, and his august mother, Queen Helena. What evidence have we that they were correct in their choice of the site?

Curiously enough it was the sudden acceptance of the then known world of the Christian faith that led to the location of this site as the place of Calvary. Right up to the time of Constantine Christians living in the Roman Empire were liable to persecution. Constantine was declared Emperor in the City of York, England, by his father, Constantine Chlorus, in the year 306. While Constantine was endeavoring to uphold his claim to the throne he beheld a luminous cross in the sky with the inscription, "By this sign conquer." It is said to have been seen in broad daylight not only by Constantine, but by the soldiers in his army.

It led to his acceptance of the Christian faith and Christianity became the state religion of the great Roman Empire.

**H**AVING conquered, as he believed by the aid of the Cross, Constantine was anxious to find the true Cross, the Cross on which Christ was crucified. At a council held at Nicaea in 325, he commanded Macarius, the then Bishop of Jerusalem, who was present at the council, to return to Jerusalem and make a search for the Cross of Christ, the Lord's sepulchre, and the holy places.

Obviously, the only place where the Cross was likely to be found was near the site of the

crucifixion. It was assumed that after the Cross had fulfilled its purpose it was cast aside and buried close at hand. Hence the first task was to locate the site of Calvary. Nearly 300 years, however, had elapsed since the crucifixion. No record, or at least official record, had been kept as to the whereabouts of the site. Furthermore, Jerusalem had been twice utterly destroyed since that awful event. Then, when the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, rebuilt the city in 135 and gave it the name of Aelia Capitolina, he expelled both Jews and Christians and took a delight in obliterating and defiling their holy places.

**A**FTER consultation with his suffragans in Jerusalem, and after making inquiry among the native Christians and Jews, Macarius came to the conclusion that Golgotha lay beneath the ruins of a Temple to Aphrodite, or Venus, which Hadrian had erected to hide a Christian shrine. On hearing the result of Macarius' investigations, Constantine sent his mother, Queen Helena, to Jerusalem, with full power to demolish the ruins of the old pagan temple and to continue the search for the Cross. Helena at that time was eighty years of age. However, she made the journey to Jerusalem, arrived there in 326, where she was met by Macarius. She had the site cleared when a rock-hewn tomb, prepared for the reception of a single body, was found, and accepted as the sepulchre of Christ. A spot on the terrace above was at the same time assumed to be Golgotha, the place of crucifixion. Thus did Macarius and Queen Helena decide the site of Golgotha and the tomb.

It is significant also that Eusebius, the patriarch at Constantinople, who baptized Constantine and who has a great deal to say about the discovery

of Golgotha and the tomb, and an actual eyewitness to some of the proceedings, makes no mention of the finding of the actual Cross. He is, however, very definite in his declaration that the site of the crucifixion and burial had been found. His omission to mention the Cross in any of his writings would seem to suggest that he failed to accept proof of its discovery.

**O**VER the reputed place of the sepulchre Constantine raised a church and another over the place where some broken crosses were found. In the open space between rose a rock, some fifteen feet above the level of the surrounding terrain, where the Cross on which Christ hung is said to have been raised. Later, a third church, and later still a fourth church was added.

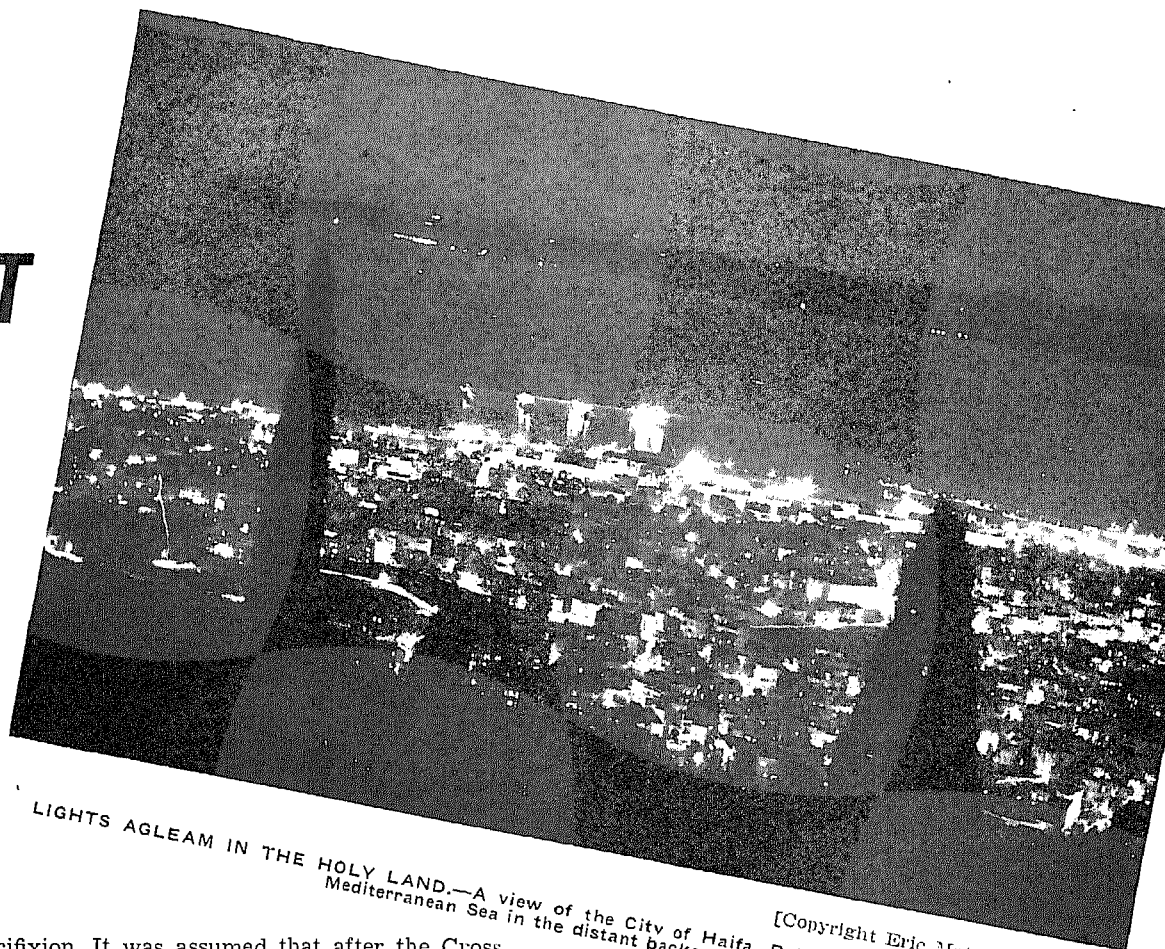
These churches were destroyed by invaders and rebuilt several times, but were still standing

## "Lowest Thou Me?"

"**L**OVEST thou Me?" Thrice came the searching question,  
And thrice did shamesfaced Peter,  
grieved, reply;  
Did he remember that the hour of trial,  
When he with oaths that love did thrice deny?  
For every step we take away from Jesus,  
From His all-tender love and patient grace,  
Back to His feet, in deep humiliation,  
With tears, and pain, and shame we must retrace.—Annie Johnson Flint.

at the beginning of the twelfth century when Jerusalem came into the possession of the Crusaders. Regarding them as too insignificant for the sacred sites they covered, the Crusaders erected a large church in the Romanesque style, which embraced the sacred sites under a single roof. Many sects worship in this building, which is simply crowded with so-called holy places.

**T**HESE holy places were not all instituted at once, but were added gradually. At first they served to remind the pilgrim of the incidents connected with the crucifixion, but as the credulity of the pilgrims increased, they were presented as memorials, erected on the very spot upon which the event happened. It has served to turn the sacred site into a kind of glorified ecclesiastical museum, which might have appealed to the pilgrim of the Middle Ages but not to the scholar of to-day.



LIGHTS AGLEAM IN THE HOLY LAND.—A view of the City of Haifa, Palestine, by night, with the Mediterranean Sea in the distant background [Copyright Eric Matson, Jerusalem]



THE HOLY CITY

Jerusalem seen from beyond the city walls



# GOD, THROUGH CHRIST, PARDONED SINNERS

And He Began With a Thief and a Murderer!



"Then were there two thieves crucified with Him, one on the right hand and another on the left."

The writer of the following article was formerly editor of a prominent New York newspaper, but fell from that position of high responsibility through strong drink. He was later remarkably converted during a Salvation Army Boozers' Campaign, and for many years has "redeemed the time" by writing stirring articles for *The Army's* periodicals.

**C**HRISt is risen, Hallelujah!" So sing seven hundred million Christian believers at Easter time, the supreme event in Christian history. By it the sinner's reconciliation with God is assured and the way to eternal life is open to all who truly repent.

God, through Christ, pardoned all sin, and He began with a thief and a murderer.

There has ever been a fascination for me in contemplation of the Crucifixion. I have gazed long and reverently upon the picture, and tried to realize its full import. But always, to me, the true significance of Christ's sacrifice is, for the time, overshadowed by sorrow at His frightful mental and physical anguish—and great joy for the dying thief hanging at His right hand.

For, as Christ so lovingly and readily forgave that penitent who had been a murdering criminal from his youth up, I'm sure that He will as mercifully forgive those of us to-day who go down to the greatest depths of dissipation and crime.

Thank God! He pardoned that thief on Calvary! Glory to the Bleeding Lamb, He also freely pardoned me!

**A**CCORDING to Holy Writ, "The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream saying, Arise, and take the young Child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him."

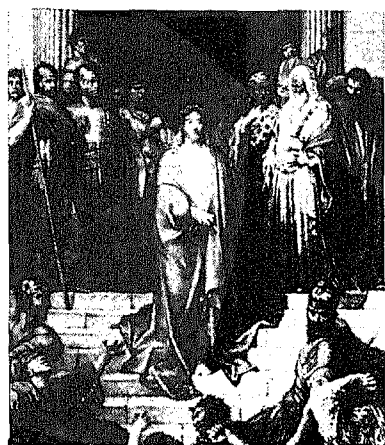
On the road, according to one tradition, the Holy Family was waylaid by a band of young robbers, of whom one, Barabbas, boasted of his brutal cruelty, even to slaying his own mother. It was his custom always to murder his victims after robbing them. Two other members of the band, according to this account, were named Dysmas and Gestas. When these robbers had taken from the Holy Family the costly gifts of gold brought to the manger at Bethlehem by the Wise Men, Barabbas ordered Dysmas, who had robbed Mary, to kill her and the infant Jesus. But when

Mary let him look on the face of the innocent Babe, and told him how Jesus was the long expected Messiah, the young robber rebelled and refused to kill them. He also restored to Mary the family purse he had taken from her, and bade her hurry away while he shielded them from the anger of Barabbas and Gestas. As the Holy Family departed, Mary looked back upon the young thief and blessed him.

This band of robbers continued in crime down through the years, and when Jesus was condemned by Pilate, Barabbas and his robbers were waiting in prison to be crucified. But Barabbas was released to the people, while Dysmas and Gestas were crucified.

As they were raised on the cross, Dysmas recognized in Mary the mother of the babe Jesus, whom he had befriended on the road to Egypt.

**"A**ND, Jimmie, when the thief—this one here in the picture—asked Jesus to remember him when He got back to heaven, Jesus said he could go right along with Him that very day. Aye, my boy, that's just like Jesus! That thief had been a terrible man. He robbed and killed many people in his time. But, when he repented, Jesus forgave him



"Behold the Man!"

right away. They died together, and now they're living together. Jesus and that thief, forever and ever. Remember that, Jimmie boy, as long as ever you live."

So, Mother Clark, as her young son snuggled up beside her and looked on, thus explained a picture of the Crucifixion in the great old family Bible that lay in her lap. It was her simple Scotch way of indelibly impressing upon her boy's plastic mind that Jesus is always ready to forgive a sinner, whatever his wickedness, and that heaven with his Saviour can be his eternal home.

It was a simple little sermon on repentance and forgiveness, and Jimmie Clark carried it in his heart through a long, hard life.

**D**YSMAS, the lifelong miscreant, was being crucified because he had done murder and every other crime known to evil men. But what a glorious death was his! We Christians try to imagine how our Saviour must have suffered. The

thief knew. The same sort of great spikes that ripped through the Saviour's hands and feet also tore their way through his own. He saw how Jesus bore without flinching the exquisite torture of crucifixion; while he and his vile companion were glad to drink of the cup that would deaden their pain.

"He was a good man," cried Dysmas to Gestas.

"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom," cried Dysmas, believing. And immediately from the Saviour's lips came the blessed assurance: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Oh, blessed torture, that brought the thief into the presence of his Redeemer; that permitted him to suffer as He suffered; to die as the Master died; to hear, from His own lips, the words that were to cleanse him and fit him to enter with his Lord into eternal joy. A vile sinner born again!

Oh, thief, thrice blest!

No more crime; no more punish-

ment; no more suffering; no more death! It had suddenly become a blessed privilege to hang on a cross beside this Jesus; to suffer with Him; to die with Him. He was going to live with Him in everlasting bliss; for all eternity he would be known Up There as Christ's companion on Calvary.

**J**IMMIE CLARK'S mother died when he most needed her loving counsel. The youth early drifted into crime, and later joined up with a quintet of burglars who baffled, for nearly a decade, the efforts of the police to get them securely behind prison bars. But, like the two crucified thieves, they were finally caught—in an Ohio bank burglary. Jimmie Clark was twice shot through the chest, and for another six months he hovered between life and death. He finally recovered, however, and he with his companions received sentences of from ten to fifteen years. They escaped, only for lack of actual evidence, the greater punishment for murder.

In prison, Jimmie's cell-mate was another hardened burglar named Billy Keene, who was released two years ahead of Jimmie. Keene returned to New York City, where he came under the influence of Jerry McAuley, a redeemed river-front burglar, and was converted. Keene also enlisted in the work of aiding released burglars who came down from the state penitentiaries. Among these were three of Jimmie's old pals, who later became missionaries.

Jimmie Clark's life became embittered in prison. When he was released he at once looked up Keene, his old cell-mate, to arrange a robbery to get ready money. Instead, Keene won him to Christ. And together, these converted burglars then pointed their ex-jailmates to the scene on Calvary, saying simply: "Jesus forgave that thief and took him to Paradise. He'll forgive you, too."

Billy Keene went to be with his Lord after many years in rescue work, and was followed to his last resting-place by a hundred or more ex-burglars who had been led to Christ through his efforts.

Jimmie Clark, in turn, led to penitence one Mike Henley, who had spent half his wicked life behind bars. Once converted, Henley became a firebrand for the Master. He established a shelter for released burglars. His first aim was, of course, to get them on their knees in penitence, and then find them honest work. The police authorities came to have implicit faith in Mike Henley. When he gave his word that one of his men was going straight, all police check-up on the man's movements were withdrawn, and he was given a fair chance to work out his own salvation. As long as the man played fair, Mike Henley stood as a bulwark between him and the police.

When Mike Henley died, it is reported he left behind him seven

hundred thieves who had become honest, respected citizens again.

Jimmie Clark? He had been shot twice in the breast and once in the neck. These were all bullets from police service pistols. His wounds, and the wild life he had led for so many years, marked him for an early grave. He worked feverishly, early and late, to bring thieves to Christ. He always carried in his little pocket Testament a small picture of the crucifixion of Jesus between the two thieves. It bore the inscription: "He forgave this thief. He'll forgive you."

One day Jimmie Clark was taken to a hospital to die. A little easel on a stand at his bedside held Jimmie's realistic picture of Calvary. As he gazed upon it, this other dying thief recalled old Mother Clark's simple little sermon: "Jesus forgave that thief right away when he repented, my boy, and they died together and they live together. They'll be together, Jesus and that thief, forever and ever. Remember that, Jimmie boy, as long as ever you live."

**O**NE Sunday morning, as a white-clad nurse bent over to catch what Jimmie Clark was saying, she heard: "Lord, remember me . . . when Thou comest . . . into Thy Kingdom."

Tearfully she whispered: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."



The Kiss in the Garden



# The SORROW-SHARING SAVIOUR

**"And He Went  
a Little Farther"**

—Matthew 26:39.

Of the thirty-three years of the earth-life of our Saviour, the details of only three are given us for intimate study. And those years were lived in simple, loving service to the people. Except for His performance of miracles, and for His speaking "as never man spake," He lived as His beloved disciples adown the ages have lived—sharing griefs, carrying sorrows, revealing the love and power of God in ministrations to the needy.

But in the record of His last hours we are brought in contact with another phase in the life of our Lord, one that had to do with *being* rather than *doing*, a condition more vital than that from which sprang His gracious works and His wondrous words—the Son of God who was also Son of Man, surrendering to the last degree His will to the will of God. The Holy Spirit has recorded this solemn experience for our profit, for each child of God is called to the same humble and glad submission of self.

It was the last night Jesus spent on earth. He had taken the last meal with His chosen disciples; He had conducted last "prayers" with them, had broken to them the bread and given to them the cup. He had washed their feet. They had sung their last hymn together. And we read in the account given in the Gospel of Matthew these poignant words:



MRS. GENERAL CARPENTER, the writer of the accompanying article, is one of The Army's foremost authors, having several books and brochures to her credit.

"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then said He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me.

"And He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

"And He cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.

"And He came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy. And He left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words."

For many days our Lord had been approaching His passion. Knowing all, He had "set His face toward Jerusalem," which meant Calvary for Him. Let us reverently follow Him as He goes forward. First, He leaves the city with its crowds. Then He leaves His disciples, all but three. Lastly, He leaves all, and goes unaccompanied to make His utmost surrender to God.

THE FIRST  
EASTER  
MORNING



"He is not here,  
but is risen."  
—Luke 24:6.

That Furthestmost Step, that Act of Furthestmost Love and Trust, Made Him Ready and Able for Every Other Hour

HE prayed once, and returned to His comrades for human sympathy and support; they failed Him. He returned to the place of sacrifice; then back to the human. He left the place of utmost surrender three times. Here is a profound fact and an unfathomable source of encouragement to human hearts. Finally He left all, and casting Himself into the will of God, into the arms of the Everlasting Father, in that act of utmost trust and utmost surrender our Saviour found strength which enabled Him to go all the way to Calvary. He met His betrayal with gentleness, His denial with forgiveness, the judgment hall with silence for Himself, but witness for God. Buffetings, smittings and revilings He met with meekness. His murderers He met with love, His fellow sufferers with pity and compassion. And death He met with triumph!

"And He went a little farther." That furthestmost step, that act of furthestmost love and trust, made Him ready and able for every other hour. In every age those souls who have gone "a little farther," in love and trust and sacrifice for Jesus' sake, are those who have made their Lord live again for those of their generation. The apostles, martyrs, great missionaries have done so.

And, in our own day, do we not see them here and there—simple, holy souls who themselves have chosen the way of the cross and help us to choose the same way? They are those who have "gone a little farther" in the way of self-surrender and faith in order that their lives might be heralds of and witnesses for Christ.

## Stripped of Self

It is not that they are born different from other men and women, but that they choose differently. To them, as to us all, has come the heavenly vision, and they follow, follow all the way. First, they leave the spirit of the city, with its endless competitions and pleasures as they go the way of the cross. Then they have needed to leave the fellowship of numbers in their quest for power that will make them more than conqueror. And finally, the nearest and dearest must be left as the soul, stripped of self and freed from the last shreds of the poor wisdom of this world, comes in the Spirit of the Lord to do all His will. In that hour they find power to carry the cross, to witness before small and great, to conquer through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain.

If ever the world needed such souls, it is to-day. On the horizons of many lands are signs that persecution for the witness of Jesus is returning to the earth. And there shall not be wanting those who will stand firm in that day. Beautiful youth shall not flinch to give its neck to the sword, and with the smile of faith triumphant lay down its life for Jesus' sake.

BUT here, in this land of peace and plenty, there is need as never before for the disciples of Jesus to "go a little farther" in self-surrender and in a covenant with God that His will shall be fulfilled in them. Are we ready for this? May this year's celebrations



## The Army's Fifth International Leader

THE above portrait of General George L. Carpenter was taken in London soon after his election by the High Council to the highest position The Salvation Army has to offer. A firm believer that the religion of Christ is a happy religion the General's smile, despite the shouldering of heavy responsibilities and burdens, is indicative of his cheerful attitude toward life. The General is an Australian by birth and prior to his election was Territorial Commander in Canada.

## OUR BACK COVER

CAROLUS DURAN, whose painting "Last Hour of Christ" appears on the back cover of this issue, was born in Lille, France, in 1837, his early work gaining immediate fame. His paintings were placed in Lille Museum and Luxemburg Gallery, and in 1905 he was appointed a director of the French Academy at Rome. His subjects of a religious character are superbly executed.

## THE ONLY SOLUTION

DEEP down in the human heart there is an indefinable SOMETHING that demands an answer to the riddle of life; something that persistently seeks emancipation from the rushing burden of sin and its inevitable consequences.

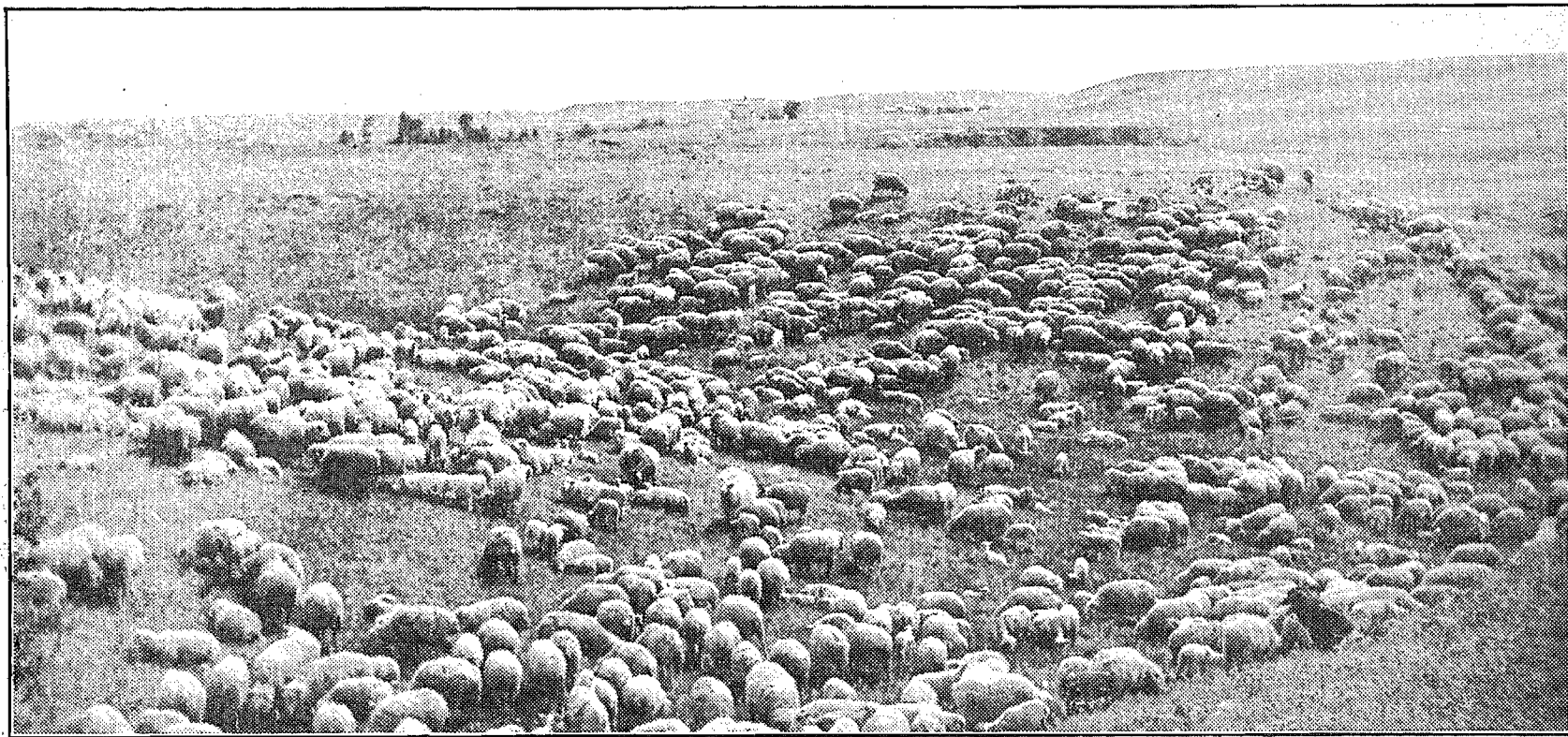
Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God and the world's Saviour, is the answer—the one and only solution. Apart from Him the soul remains desolate and unsatisfied, is destined to grope in the darkness of doubt and fear, and can know no sense of security and guidance.

Christ is the Way! He holds the Eternal Torch that lights Time's darkest gloom.

Christ is the Truth! Unbelief and error flee at His approach.

Christ is the Life! His touch galvanizes the soul, dead in trespass and sin, into blessed consciousness of the presence, grace and favor of God the Creator and Father.

of the Lord's passion be to us a Gethsemane garden where, in the solitude of communion with God, we look into the Face that was marred for us and say from the depths of our soul, "Thy will be done in me!"



A TRANQUIL SCENE ON THE HILL-SLOPES.—Throughout the long quiet day the sheep feed in pleasant green pastures



N engineer's map of Palestine gives the impression that it is a land abounding in streams and rivulets. Most of these, however, are nothing more than dry wadies that run with water only in the rainy season. The region in which David served as a shepherd is a dry, barren, waterless land in which drinking places for sheep are very scarce. Such streams as there are will be found often times at the bottom of deep ravines, between high and rocky limestone hills, so inaccessible as to be of no use to the shepherd.

A sheep is a timid creature at best, and a stream of swiftly flowing water inspires it with a great fear, as well it may, for the heavy coat of wool is almost certain to insure death if the luckless animal is caught up in the current. A drinking place, therefore, means some quiet pool which holds no terrors for the sheep.

Throughout the long day, as the shepherd leads his flock from one little grassy patch among the rocks to another, he keeps one thought in mind: by evening time he must be within reach of still water. For this

sheep-walk; too, he must know just where the drinking places are which hold no hazards for the sheep.

IT sometimes happens that the shepherd brings his flock up beside some little streamlet that leaps and cascades from rock to rock down the side of the hill. Sounding the call to the sheep to lie down and rest, the shepherd turns to the task of providing a drinking place. Using stones from the stream-bed, he builds a little dam at some convenient bend and holds the water

Shepherd! He has always gone before us. He went to the Cross before us and suffered the worst blows that life could deal Him, finally going to His death under the hammering of hate. Life cannot deal with any of us more despitely or more brutally than it dealt with Him.

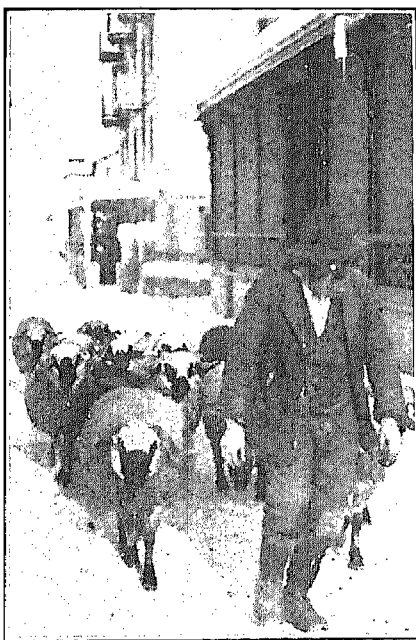
THEN on Easter morning He came forth from that grave and now walks before us in triumphant proof of the fact that there is a power in life that is even greater than death. In His resurrection He

Ringed about by enemies, preyed upon by spies, ever watchful against the intrigues and plots arranged by rivals for his throne, David never knew what the next day might hold. But his strength was derived from his confidence that the Lord, his Shepherd, was going ahead of him and preparing drinking places free from all danger.

Prayer never performs a more useful or needed function than when it produces this sense of peace and calm. It is not merely a psychological process without spiritual import. It

# BY STILL WATERS

## A Meditation on Psalm Twenty-three



AN UNUSUAL SIGHT.—A Western shepherd leads his flock from snow-covered hills through a village street to shelter

reason he must know the location of every stream, well, cistern and water pool in the whole region. Moreover, he must know how to reach the water by the nearest

back until a pool is formed from which the tiniest lamb can drink in perfect safety.

The Psalmist is singing of the goodness of the shepherd who provides in advance for the needs of his sheep. But even more, he is assuring himself in this prayer of faith that the Lord, his Shepherd, knows the land and the watering-places, and has already provided for his needs before he, himself, has felt those needs. Therefore there is no need for anxiety. He will not want.

There is no more common fault, even among Christians, than trying to live to-morrow's life to-day. Even while we are in the midst of plenty we are in fear of poverty. Many of to-day's joys are missed because we persist in thinking about the possible sorrows of to-morrow.

Religion renders no greater service than when it relieves us of the fear of to-morrow. Jesus had this very thing in mind when He said, "Be not worried about to-morrow." Again and again He assured us that our Heavenly Father, with gentle solicitude and beautiful foresight, has made preparation for our needs in advance of the day when we will be in need.

When the anxious women arrived at the tomb that first Easter morning and found it empty, they heard the voice of an angel, who counselled them, saying, "Go and tell His disciples He goeth before you."

This habit of going before us is so characteristic of Jesus, the Good

bequeathed to us the faith that "because He lives, we too shall live."

Any Christian who faces responsibility laid upon him by the Father may also be sure that the Father has made all necessary provision, in advance, for whatever strength may be needed to meet the responsibility. If God really calls some man to preach, He also calls some congregation to listen.

If any Christian has been called of God to perform a task in the cause of the Kingdom, he may be sure that the Holy Spirit has gone on ahead and prepared the way.

MILLIONS of people lie down every night in fear of the next morning. The fact that they have survived to-day is ignored. They are unable to think of anything except the threat of the oncoming day.

is a tapping of divine powers by means of a simple psychological device composed of surrender and trust, which God has provided for this purpose.

The Scriptures are full of exhortations that we "cast our burdens upon the Lord." The lives of saints bear testimony to the fact that men who live lives of trust, suffer from no fears. Jesus urged us to "consider the lilies of the field" when we are tempted to worry about to-morrows.

The psychologist calls it "relieving the tension of life." The theologian calls it a matter of taking refuge in our concept of God. David said, as a matter of experience, "God always brings me at last to the place of still waters because He is my Good Shepherd."

Roy L. Smith.

### The Shepherd Psalm

THE Lord is my Shepherd;  
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in  
green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still  
waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of  
righteousness,

For His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the  
valley

Of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil; for Thou art  
with me;

Thy rod and Thy staff they  
comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil,  
And my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy  
shall follow me

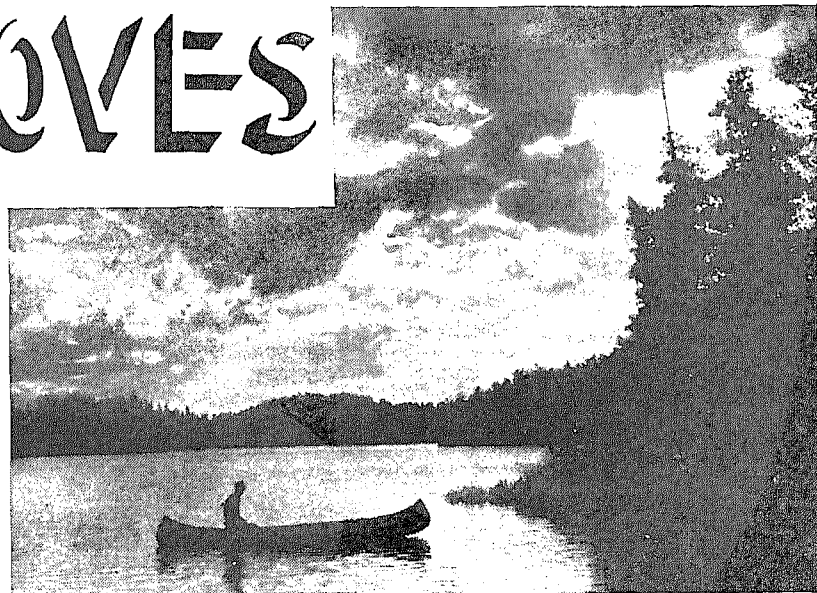
All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of  
the Lord for ever.



# TREASURE-TROVES of NATURE

*Glimpses of Canada's National  
Park Sanctuaries*



Sunset scene in one of Canada's enchanting National Parks

**H**ALF a century ago, a small piece of land, ten square miles in area, high up in the Rocky Mountains at Banff, Alberta, was ostracized from the rest of the wide-spreading Dominion of Canada. Man might pierce the mountains with tunnels, fling long ribbons of railway lines through primeval fastnesses, penetrate the impenetrable with every modern machine, build, live, transact business anywhere and everywhere else in the Dominion, but not within the boundaries of those ten square miles. That tiny portion of mountain wilderness, ridiculously small, almost infinitesimal in comparison with Canada's total area of 3,510,000 square miles, was nevertheless the forerunner of what is today a system of National Parks that is unsurpassed in the whole world.

Now, Canada possesses a vast outdoor kingdom comprising twenty individual parks with a combined area of 12,525 square miles, in the aggregate one-quarter the total area of England. These parks, chosen with the intent of best preserving unusual and important flora, strata, birds and beasts, are situated at various points across the entire Dominion, and with the rapid progress of locomotion none is difficult of access. A National Park of breathtaking beauty stands almost at the back door of every Canadian citizen!

To adequately describe such a wealth of beauty, as represented by these treasure-troves of Nature, is an utter impossibility. The pen falters in attempting to tell of sparkling, glacier-fed, crystal-clear waterways which, like delicate scribbles of white, trace an erratic course from the dizzy, snow-topped heights of blue and purple mountains. Superlatives and intensives seem futilely incapable of bringing to life the actual charm and enchantment of virgin forest lands, stupendous precipices, brilliant flowers and foliage, and deep canyons that hide their floors in awesome depths. Rightly, these sanctuaries have to be seen to be appreciated.

#### Rich in History

The largest Park in Canada—Tweedsmuir Park, the latest and greatest of British Columbia's Parks, so named by the gracious consent of His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada—covers 5,400 square miles. This particular Park is rich in history. It will be recalled by students of Canadian history that Alexander Mackenzie, a partner in the North West Company of Montreal, on a reconnaissance for his company, spent the winter of 1792-93 on the Peace River, and in May, 1793, set out on an exploratory journey to the

Coast. From the headwaters of the Parsnip River he crossed to the unnamed Fraser, down which he travelled to the West Road River, which seemed to offer a shorter route. Ascending the West Road and journeying by land and water, he arrived eventually at Bella Coola. From there he continued his journey towards the sea until, on July 22, 1793, being satisfied that he had actually reached the Pacific, he decided to return. The point at which he made his final observations—"Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Rock, and the End of the First Journey Across North America"—is preserved as a National Monument.

To quote from Mackenzie's Journal: "I now mixed up some vermilion in melted grease, and inscribed in large characters on the south-east face of the rock on which we slept last night, this brief memorial: 'Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.'"

The monument itself is some miles beyond the south-west boundary of the Park, on the north shore of Dean Channel, near Ocean Falls, but Mackenzie's actual route is still clearly to be followed, and is one of the Park's most interesting features.

Years ago the Jasper National Park was known as the "Glittering Mountains." This appellation was

well warranted; for within the spacious boundaries of this great playground there exists a shining, vibrant world of color, movement, sight and sound. Above the jagged rim of the universe, peak after peak lifts a high white plume in salute to the sky. From every point of the compass they raise their gallant heads far above the earth. There are uncounted numbers of them, and many of them are unnamed.

Jasper Park, also, has a lively history. A century ago, men with pioneering purposes moved along these valleys, scaled peaks, discovered passes and traced rivers to their sources in the lips of glaciers. Their moccasined feet and the unshod hoofs of Indian ponies fashioned trails in the stony earth of these mountains that fresher feet still follow, or which have been used by engineers to plot the routes of highways along which motor cars move smoothly to many points within the Park. Thompson, Franchère, Simpson, Douglas, Hector and DeSmet are a few of the illustrious names of those intrepid travellers who wound their way southward around the base of La Montagne de la Grande Traverse (now Mount Edith Cavell) up the Athabasca and Whirlpool Rivers, across the Great Divide and down the Wood and Columbia Rivers to Oregon and the coast.

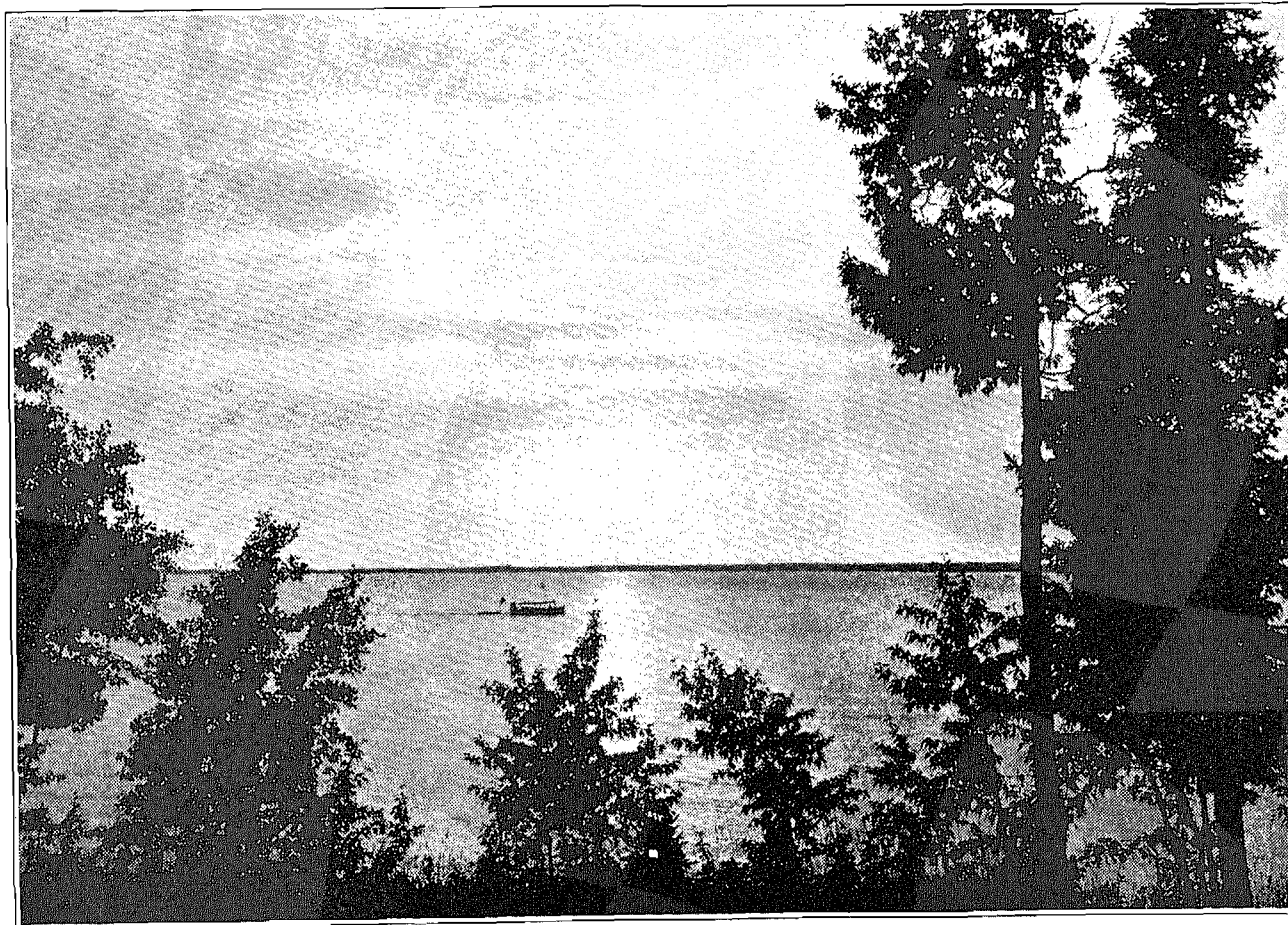
At the eastern end of the Dominion are the National Parks of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Cape Breton Highlands Park and Prince Edward Island National Park are the new maritime members of Canada's family of National Parks. Thrust far out into the Atlantic, the Island of Cape Breton occupies a place in Canadian history as unique as its physical setting. The date of its discovery is cloaked in doubt, although there are strong grounds for the belief that John and Sebastian Cabot landed here in the summer of 1497.

#### By the Rolling Atlantic

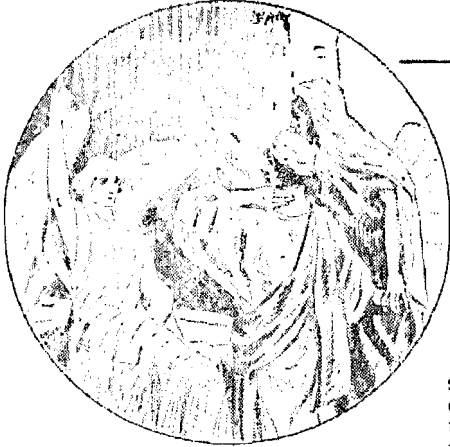
Distinct in character from the rugged grandeur of Cape Breton, is Prince Edward Island. Jacques Cartier, who discovered the Island in 1534, noted in his journal that it was a land "low and flat and the fairest possible to see, and full of beautiful trees and meadows." Charlottetown, the capital, has been called the "Cradle of Confederation" for here was held, on September 1, 1864, the first conference which led to the federation of British North American colonies in 1867.

The National Park is a seashore area extending as a narrow strip for nearly twenty-five miles along the northern coast.

The whirlwind growth of Canada during the past fifty years has not travestied the precincts of these twenty National Parks. They stand as a natural heritage of unblemished scenic beauty for all citizens of this extremely lovely Land of the Maple to see and to enjoy.



Sea and sky are separated by a thin ridge of headland in this view of Clear Lake, Riding Mountain National Park, Manitoba



# THE DAY OF THE UPWARD LOOK

An Easter Message from The Chief Secretary,  
Colonel G. W. Peacock

ASTER—like Christmas—is a time of rich significance in our Christian calendar.

On Good Friday the Christian world commemorates a feature of the Easter season that is replete with tragedy—yet tragedy held essential in the story of human redemption—the Anniversary day of the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ: with Easter it now turns to a happier commemorative aspect of the sacred drama of long ago—the resurrection and ascension of Him who is held out to mankind as the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Easter is therefore a joyous period, one eloquent of life revived, of hope renewed, of freshness and a greater glory to come than man has yet known. Easter is one of those periods in human existence that bears humanity to the heights and bids it gaze with a new eagerness and a new hope upon the sun and the stars, the valleys and fields, and rivers and seas.

Easter reminds man that he is more than human, and that in every human breast is at least a spark of the divine.

It speaks of a life to come and of the possibility of a richer and more abundant life here, as well as beyond the grave.

Easter is a confirmation of the fact as expressed by one of our great poets:

*"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul."*

THE world is brighter and better for the Easter festival; better for it even if it be regarded as some profect to regard it, in but symbolic light.

It is truly eloquent of life and hope. It testifies anew to the unquestioned imperishableness of the forces of life, and it speaks also of man's capacity for enhancing his lot in life and improving and revivifying the great world about him.

Easter is a challenge to every soul to better living, to dissipation of that inhumanity of man to man that makes "countless thousands mourn," but also to the hope and joy that ever is the reward of sacrifice.

The Easter message is a story of "greater love," of love unto death. The entrancing, thrilling story touches the heart, kindles the body,

ing effect upon Christ's crestfallen disciples. It robbed the tomb of its darkness and established that death is the gateway to life eternal.

Jesus established the religion of the Empty Cross and the deserted Tomb.

*"The empty tomb has brought us  
peace  
In body, heart, and mind;*



Colonel and Mrs.  
G. W. Peacock



mind, and spirit, and freshens the whole world to truer living.

May the retelling of the Easter story this year cause our hearts to flame anew with holy zeal and fire. In its message is the only hope for a troubled, confused world.

GOOD FRIDAY was the day of the downcast look, but Easter is the day of the upward look.

It is said that William Cullen Bryant one day asked a Hindoo boy "Can you tell me the difference between your religion and mine?" The boy replied, "Mine causes me to look down but the Christian religion causes you to look up."

If Calvary was the foundation stone of Redemption's plan—then the Resurrection was the topstone.

The Resurrection had an inspir-

*For Jesus' rising from the grave  
Brings calm to all mankind.*

*The empty tomb has brought us  
love  
So wholesome, true, and pure;  
For Christ who gave His life in  
death  
Gives love that will endure.*

*The empty tomb has brought us  
faith  
That grows with each new day;  
And we believe the words He said,  
"I am the Life, the Way."*

*The empty tomb has brought us  
hope  
Of life beyond the grave;  
When Christ became the Lord of  
death,  
Eternal life He gave."*

AMONG the traditions of the Cathedral of Winchester is the story of how the news of the battle of Waterloo was first received in England. It was brought by a sailing ship to the South Coast, and by signal flags was "wig-wagged" to London. As the message reached Winchester the signals on the top of the cathedral began to spell it out — "W-e-l-l-i-n-g-t-o-n d-e-f-e-a-t-e-d" and, at this point, a dense fog swept down and hid the signals from the view. The woeful news of the incomplete message went on to London. When the message was read, "Wellington defeated," the whole country was in despair.

## The Signal of Triumph

But after a while the fog lifted and the signals on the Winchester Cathedral proceeded to spell out the incomplete sentence, "Wellington defeated the enemy." And a thrill of joy ran through every heart as the news of the triumph raced across the land.

The message of Good Friday seemed like a message of defeat to the heart-broken followers of Christ, but when the mists of doubt had cleared away, there was seen written across an empty tomb the signal of triumph and victory.

"Paint Christ," cried Michael Angelo, "not dead, but risen with His foot set in scorn upon the split rock with which they tried to hold him down. Paint Him the Conqueror of death! Paint Him the Lord of life! Paint Him as what He is, the irresistible Victor, Who, tested to the utmost, has proved Himself in very deed mighty to save!"

THE Easter message is summed up briefly as follows:

*"See thy Lord Himself is risen  
That thou mightest also rise  
And emerge from sin's dark  
prison  
To new life and open skies.*

*Come to Him Who can unbind  
thee,  
And reverse thy awful doom;  
Come to Him and leave behind  
thee  
Thy old life—an empty tomb."*

## REMEMBER

### The Salvation Army In Your Will!

INCREASINGLY people of understanding are looking to The Salvation Army to perpetuate their memory after they have passed on, by bequeathing sums of money to be used for work among the poor and needy.

The Army is actually a great League of Mercy and Pity raised up to help and bless humanity. It has no large and rich membership to support this work, and depends entirely upon the generosity of friends.

The needs of the Organization at this time are extremely great, necessitating funds far beyond our ability to raise in ordinary contributions. Will you not make provision in your will for a contribution to, or an endowment of, the work of The Salvation Army, which is legally competent to accept all bequests and devise made for its benefit?

Friends or their solicitors are invited to write COMMISSIONER BENJAMIN ORAMES, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., for further information.

**Do It To-day!**

## INTERNATIONAL STATISTICS Of The Army's Many-sided Beneficent Operations

Shelters and Food Depots (Men and Women) .....	227	Other Institutions, including Hospitals, Eventide Homes, Lep-er Colonies, Slum Posts ....	479
Hostels for Working Men and Women .....	183	Other Accommodation .....	17,361
Total accommodation .....	47,453		
Beds supplied, one year.....	12,270,669		
Meals supplied, one year.....	24,319,620		
Industrial Institutions and Work-shops .....	231		
Accommodation .....	6,743		
Men supplied with work (tem-porary or permanent) during year .....	117,822		
Labor Bureaux .....	129		
Applications—one year .....	137,538		
Situations found during year....	112,809		
Homes for discharged prisoners.	17		
Accommodation .....	690		
Ex-criminals received during year .....	2,550		
Number passed out satisfactory.	2,354		
Children's Homes .....	105		
Accommodation .....	5,624		
Industrial and Boarding Schools.	21		
Accommodation .....	2,119		
Women's Industrial Homes, in-cluding homes for Police Court cases .....	93		
Accommodation .....	3,022		
Women received during year....	5,045		
Passed out satisfactory.....	4,529		
Maternity Homes .....	94		
Accommodation .....	3,796		
Women received during year....	22,198		
Passed out satisfactory.....	18,668		



IN LILY LAND.—A view of one of the magnificent Easter Lily fields in Bermuda, which is part of the Canadian Territory



# Y OF MANY LANDS AND CLIMES

## OUNG PEOPLE



AN AFRICAN BELLE.—Dressed according to the customs of her tribe, she is typical of the dark-skinned young people among whom The Army is working



AWAY UP NORTH.—This young Indian brave (in tribal costume) is much interested in The Army's meetings



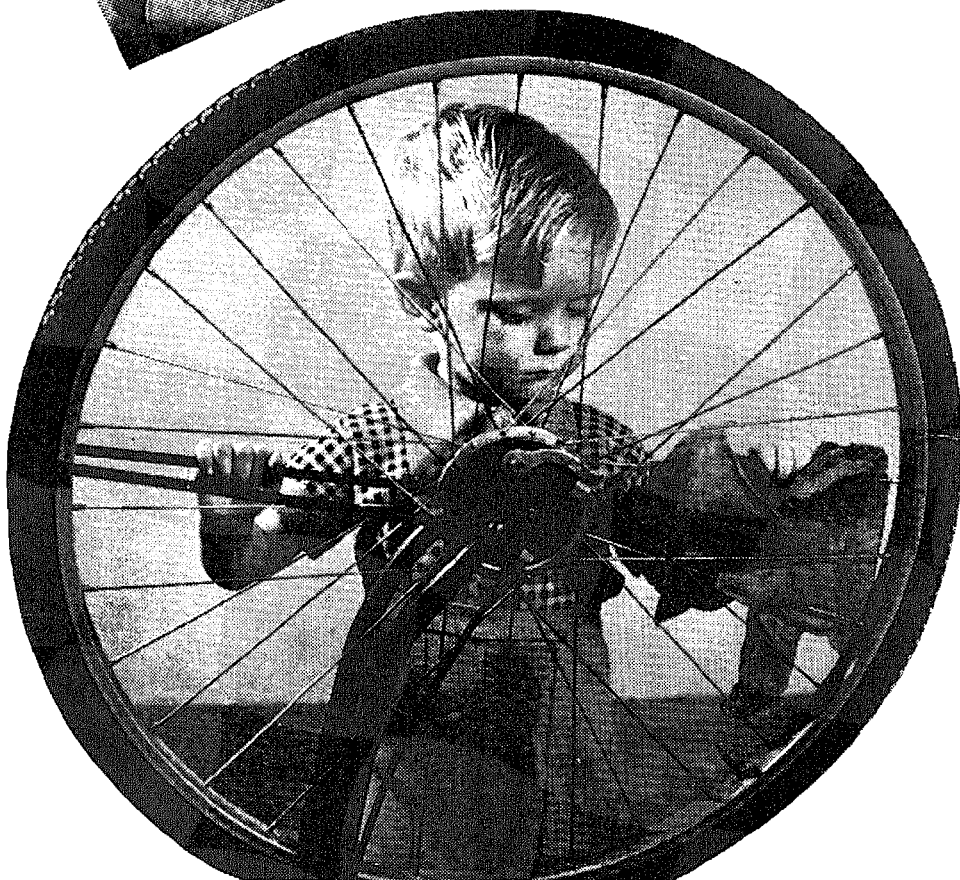
IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LAND

SAFE IN THE ARMY'S CARE

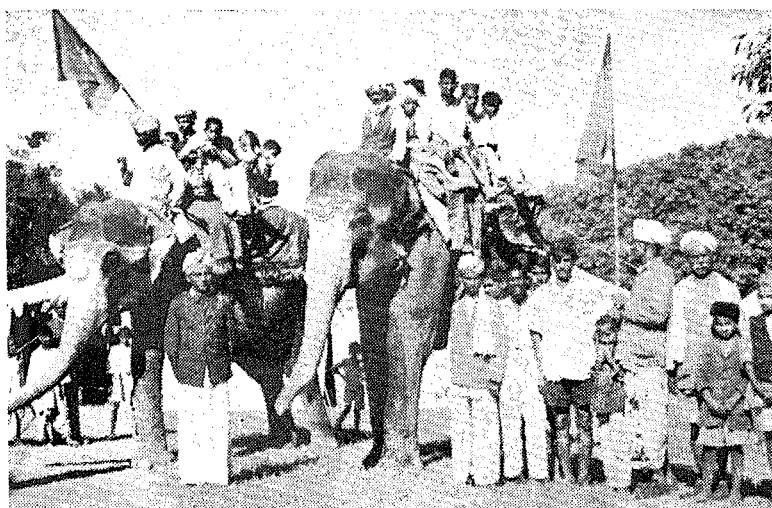


Yes, thank you! This diminutive pickannini is quite comfy since she was found in the bush by a woman Officer and cared for in one of The Army's Missionary Schools

IN A VICIOUS CIRCLE? Not exactly, but underprivileged children of many lands are raised under discouraging circumstances. The Army's aim is to help them to become useful citizens



Children are as sweet and colorful and loved in Japan as they are in any part of the world. The Kyu-Sei-Gun (The Salvation Army) is doing an excellent work among the young folk of Nippon



IN THE ARMY'S OLDEST MISSIONARY FIELD.—Vast multitudes of people are reached with the message of Salvation in India, not counting the rising generation. In the above picture young inmates of a Boarding School are enjoying an elephant ride. The Army Flag is well to the fore!

SMILES AND CHUCKLES.—Even in troublous times young China can laugh, but thousands go hungry and homeless. The Army feeds vast numbers of such in the needy areas of the Land of the Dragon





### The Birds Will Sing Again

By ALFRED E. ELLIOTT

WHEN things go wrong, just sing a song.  
And don't let go!  
'Twill soon be Spring, and birds will sing  
Again, you know!  
Forget the past, and keep a fast  
Look-out ahead  
There's more and more of good  
in store,  
Yet to be had.

No matter what some folk have thought,  
Or tried to say,  
Discouraging in everything—  
They'll pass away.  
Keep GOD in mind, and you will find  
That He is near—  
The very same, through sun or rain,  
To bless and cheer.

He surely will be with you still  
Through every day,  
And in the night will bring you light  
Along the way.  
Then, sing your song—'twill help along  
Some one you know;  
And flowers will spring, and birds will sing—  
God wills it so!

## The Significance of Easter

### Its Solemn Observance Throughout the Ages

EASTER is the greatest festival of the Christian Church, because the resurrection of Christ therein commemorated implies the restoration of life to the world which sin has ruined; whilst it is faith in the resurrection which has converted so much of the world to Christ.

"If Christ be not risen," declares Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, "then is our preaching vain. But Christ is risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming."

#### Date of the First Easter

The date of Easter Day is fixed by what is called the "calendar moon," and it cannot fall earlier than March 22nd, or later than April 25th. It is the opinion of many Biblical authorities that the first Easter Day fell on April 17th.

The name Easter, according to "The Venerable Bede," whose historical works cover a wide range and are invaluable in the outline they give of the early records of Britain, is derived from Eostre, a Saxon Goddess, whose festival was observed in the spring; but it is quite possible that it originates from the Saxon verb "oster," which signifies "to rise." Of course, it was comparatively easy for our Chris-

tian forefathers to imbue the "Festival of Eostre" with a sacred significance—joy at the awakening of nature from the death of winter readily lending itself to translation unto joy at the resurrection of our Lord from the tomb.

One of the most popular observances associated with the festival is the honor paid to the homely egg at Eastertide, as an emblem of the resurrection—"that which is seemingly dead being yet alive."

The observance is common to most Christian countries, and a very large and curious collection of Easter eggs was located in a museum at Cracow, the old capital of Poland, the designs on which were a survival of the ancient symbols accounted sacred by tribes in Eastern Europe. Many of the Slavonic villages to-day have special designs which have been handed down through the years.

#### Symbolic Colors

In olden times eggs were strictly forbidden as food during Lent in England. But they were invariably brought to the breakfast table on Easter morning, colored red to symbolize joy at the resurrection.

In the days before the Reformation they were solemnly blessed in the churches with the following prayer: "Bless, O God, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee on account of the resurrection of Our Lord."

### HER BEST PAY

IN the choir-loft a group of high-salaried singers chatted while waiting the arrival of the organist. An eminent soprano was speaking. "It has been my pleasure to sing twice for presidents of the United States," she said, "and several times before titled strangers from abroad; but my best effort was put forth for the benefit of an audience of only one and that one was the charwoman of the church."

Pressed for the story the soprano gave the incident. "It was after a rehearsal preparatory to Easter. Concluding the practice of my solo

#### The I AM'S of JESUS

**I** am the Way.—John 14:6.  
I am the Light.—John 8:12.  
I am the Living Bread.—  
John 6:51.  
I am the Resurrection.—  
John 11:25.  
I am the True Vine.—John  
15:1.  
I am the Good Shepherd.—  
John 10:14.

part, I started from the church. The charwoman was busy with her dust-cloth near the pulpit. As I hurried past, she complimented me on the piece I had just sung and said, 'Some day I wish you would sing, "Up from the grave He arose," for me.' I smiled, and hurried on.

"Out on the street my conscience awakened. There came to mind the words of Jesus: 'Ye did it not to one of the least of these.' Although a professing Christian, I had failed in what Jesus said was so important. Turning, I hurried back into the church and explained to the

(Continued in column 2)

### EXULTANT VICTORY

ASLEEP within our hearts is the desire to see the Dawn of Eastertide. As the hills round about reflect the glory of the rising sun, so long our souls to behold the Risen Lord.

Remembered in our repentant hearts are the pangs of the Cross. Cradled in the manger of our souls the dear Christ rests in our obedience.

So may we see again, amid the glory of the Easter lilies, the loveliness of Him Who knew no sin, yet was crucified for our sins. Rising in His resurrection may we behold the glory of our obedient lives in Christ's sight! Christ hath forever gained the exultant victory over death.

organist. So, with the charwoman seated in a front pew, I sang as I should have sung if Jesus had been sitting in that seat. The joy I found in singing that song was the best 'pay' that I ever received."

## WHERE IMAGINATION FAILS

### The Wonder of Christian Testimony

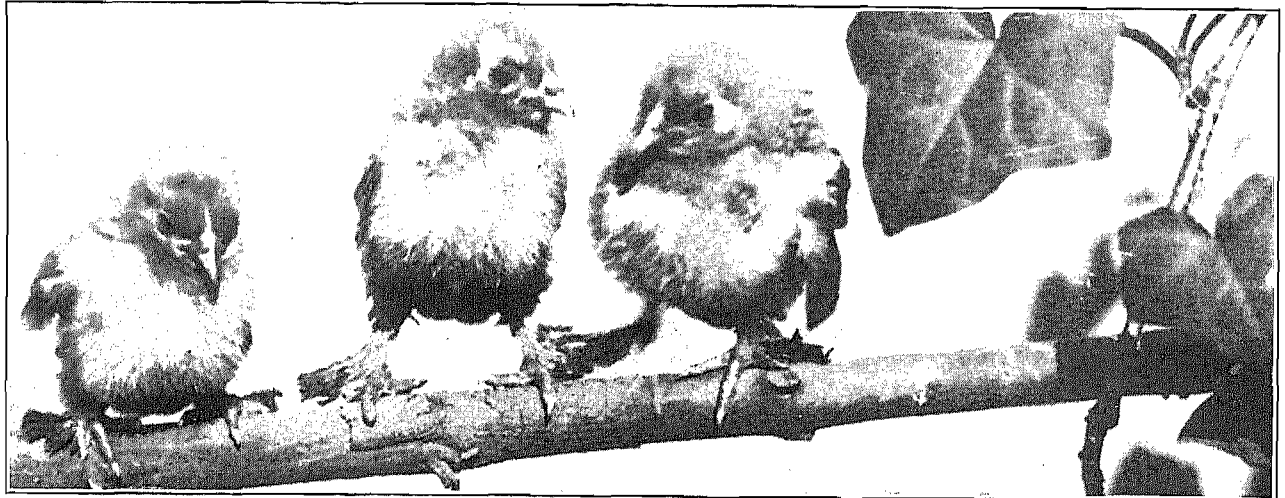
CHRISTIAN art has always faltered as it has tried to depict the Resurrection of the Lord. Literature has been no less hesitant (says a writer in the London Times). We might have supposed that devout artists would have been eager to portray the central fact of Christianity, but we do not find the earliest attempt to represent the actual Resurrection until as late as the fifth or sixth centuries. Manifestly imagination is inadequate for this great theme.

This fact makes the wonderful dignity of the evangelic narratives all the more remarkable. If the critic points out their inconsistencies, he must in candor acknowledge their success in presenting us with a picture of the Risen Lord which combines with truth's impressiveness His manhood's form and His divine power. The greatest writers in both ancient and modern literature have failed in their efforts to portray existence in the super-

natural sphere. Even Shakespeare and Dante falter in this task. May we not all the more keenly appreciate the simple mystery of the evangelic witness to the Risen Lord?

On Easter Day we may put aside discussions as to the mode of the Resurrection and the nature of the Risen Body to reflect on the real significance of faith in the Risen Christ. Do we sufficiently grasp the wonder of the Christian testimony throughout the centuries, and the constant and unanimous affirmation of men and women of every stage of civilization and culture to the fact that Christ still lives and that the power of His Resurrection is felt in their lives? . . .

The New Testament constantly insists on the fact that in a very real sense the Resurrection is already attained. A Christian is a risen man, enjoying a newness of life which gives him a moral and spiritual mastery here and now.



"WHEN DO WE EAT?"—New arrivals in birdland patiently await their morning breakfast



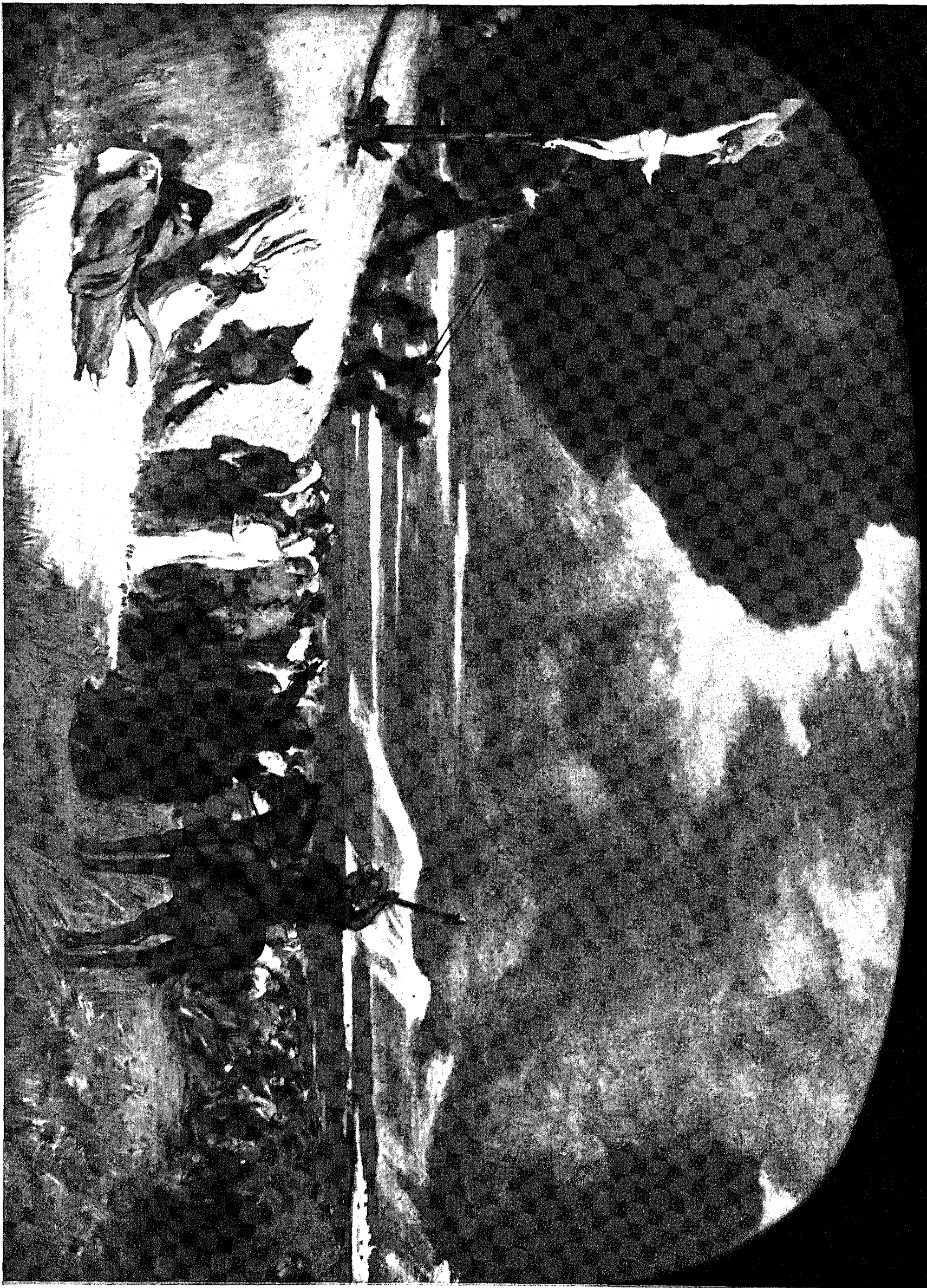


[Painting by F. Shields

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

[Autotype Fine Art Co.





*The Cross of Shame—Hope of a Sin-Burdened World*

[Painting by Duran]